

U. 3. 44
**The Baffled KNIGHT: Or, The LADY'S
 POLICE.**



There was a Knight was drunk with Wine,
 a riding along the Way, Sir,
 And there he did meet with a Lady fine,
 and among the Cocks of Hay, Sir.

One Favour he did crave of her,
 and ask'd her to lay her down, Sir,
 But he had neither Cloth nor Sheet,
 to keep her from the Ground, Sir.

There is a great Dew upon the Grass,
 and if you shou'd lay me down, Sir,
 You would spoil my Cloathing,
 that has cost me many a Pound, Sir.

I have a Cloak of Scarlet red,
 I'll lay it under thee, Love,
 So you will grant me my Request,
 that I shall ask of you, Love.

And if you'll go to my Father's Hall,
 that is moated all round about, Sir,
 There you shall have your Will of me,
 within, Sir, and without, Sir.

Oh! yonder stands my Milk-white Steed,
 and among the Cocks of Hay, Sir,
 If the King's Pinner should chance to come,
 he'll take my Steed away, Sir.

I have a Ring upon my Finger,
 it's made of the finest Gold, Love,
 And it shall serve to fetch your Steed,
 out of the Pinner's Fold, Love.

And if you'll go to my Father's House,
 round which there's many a Tree, Sir,
 There you shall have your Chamber free,
 and your Chamberlain I'll be, Sir.

He fate her on a Milk-white Steed,
 himself upon another,
 And then they rid along the Way,
 like Sister and like Brother.

But when she came to her Father's House,
 which was moated all round about, Sir,
 She slipp'd her self within the Gate,
 and she lock'd the Knight without, Sir.

I thank you, kind Knight, for seeing me here,
 and bringing me home a Maiden, Sir,
 But you shall have two of my Father's Men,
 for to set you back again, Sir.

He drew his Sword out of his Scabbard,
 and whet it upon his Sleeve, Sir,
 Saying, Cursed be to ev'ry Man,
 that will a Maid believe, Sir.

She drew her Handkerchief out of her Pocket,
 and threw it upon the Ground, Sir,
 Saying, Thrice cursed be to ev'ry Maid,
 that will believe a Man, Sir.

We have a Tree in our Garden,
 some call it of Rosemary, Sir,
 There's crowing Cocks in our Town,
 that will make a Capon of you, Sir.

We have a Flower in our Garden,
 some call it a Marygold, Sir,
 And he that would not when he might,
 he shall not when he would, Sir.

But if you chance to meet a Maid,
 a little below the Town, Sir,
 You must not fear her gay Cloathing,
 nor the wrinkling of her Gown, Sir.

And if you chance for to meet a Maid,
 a little below the Hill, Sir,
 You need not fear her skreeking out,
 for she quickly will lie still, Sir.

The baff'd Knight was by the Lads
 ingeniously outwitted,
 And since that Time, it came to pass,
 he was again well fitted.

As he was riding cross a Plain,
 In Boots, Spurs, Hat, and Feather,
 He met that Lady fair again,
 they talk'd a while together.

He said, Tho' you did serve me so,
 and cunningly decoy me;
 Yet now, before you farther go,
 I must and will enjoy thee.

'Twas near a spacious River's Side,
 where Rushes green were growing,
 And Neptune's Silver Streams did glide,
 four Fathom Waters flowing.

The Lady blush'd like Scarlet red,
 and trembled at this Stranger;
 How shall I guard my Maidenhead
 from this approaching Danger?

With a lamenting Sigh, said she,
 to die I now am ready;
 Must this Dishonour fall on me,
 a most unhappy Lady?

He from his Saddle did alight,
 in gaudy rich Attire;
 And cry'd, I am a noble Knight,
 who do your Charms admire.

He took the Lady by the Hand,
 who seemingly consented;
 And wou'd no more disputing stand,
 she had a Plot invented.

How she might baffle him again,
 with much Delight and Pleasure;
 And eke unspotted still remain,
 with her pure Virgin Treasure.

Look yonder, good Sir Knight, I pray,
 methinks I do discover,
 Well mounted on a Dapple Grey,
 my true entire Lover.

The Knight, he standing on the Brink,
 of the deep floating River;
 Thought she, thou now shalt swim or sink,
 chuse which thou fancy rather.

Against his Back the Lady run,
 the Waters strait he sounded;
 He cry'd out, Love! what have you done?
 help! help! or I am drowned!

Said she, Sir Knight, farewell, adieu,
 you see what comes of Fooling;
 That is the fittest Place for you,
 whose Courage wanted cooling.

Love, help me out, and I'll forgive
 this Fault which you've committed:
 No, no, says she, Sir, as I live,
 I think you're finely fitted.

She rid home to her Father's House,
 for speedy Expedition;
 While the gay Knight was soak'd like Souce,
 in a sad wet Condition.

When he came mounted to the Plain,
 he was in rich Attire;
 Yet when he back return'd again,
 he was all Muck and Mire.

A solemn Vow he there did make,
 just as he came from swimming;
 He'd love no Lady for her Sake,
 nor any other Women.

The baff'd Knight was fool'd once more,
 you'll find by this pleasant Ditty;
 For the whose Charms he did adore,
 was wonderful sharp and witty.

Returning from her Father's Park,
 just close by a Summer Bower,
 She chanc'd to meet her angry Spark,
 and gave her a frowning Lour.

The Thoughts of what she twice had done,
 did cause him to draw his Rapier,
 And at the Lady then did run,
 and thus began to vapour.

You chous'd me at your Father's Gate,
 Then tumbld me into the River;
 I seek for Satisfaction strait,
 shall I be a Fool for ever?

He came with Resolution bent,
 that Evening to enjoy her;
 And if he did not give Consent,
 that Minute he would destroy her.

I pray, Sir Knight, and why so hot
 against a young silly Woman?
 Such Crimes as these might be forgot,
 for merry Intrigues are common.

What do you count it Mirth, he cry'd,
 to tumble me in and leave me?
 What if I drowned there had dy'd?
 a dangerous Jest, believe me.

Well, if I pardon you this Day,
 those Injuries out of measure,
 It is because, without Delay,
 I mean to enjoy the Pleasure.

Your Suit, she said, is not deny'd,
 but think of your Boots of Leather;
 And let me pull them off, she cry'd
 before we lie down together.

He set him down upon the Grass,
 and Violets so sweet and tender,
 Now by this Means it came to pass,
 that she did his Purpose hinder.

For having pull'd his Boots half way,
 she cry'd, now I am your betters;
 You shall not make of me your Prey,
 sit there like a Thief in Fetters.

Now finding she had serv'd him so,
 he rose and began to grumble;
 Yet he could neither stand nor go,
 but did like a Cripple tumble.

The Boots stuck fast, and would not stir,
 his Folly she soon did mention,
 And laughing said, I pray kind Sir,
 how like you my new Invention?

My laughing Fit you must excuse,
 you are but a stingle's Nettle.
 You'd ne'er have stood for Boots nor Shoes,
 had you been a Man of Mettle.

Farewell, Sir Knight, 'tis almost Ten;
 I fear neither Wind nor Weather;
 I'll send my Father's Serving-Men,
 to pull off your Boots of Leather.

She laugh'd out right, as well she might,
 with merry Conceits of Scorning;
 And left him there to sit all Night,
 untill the approaching Morning.

The fourth Part of the baff'd Knight
 the Lady hath fairly acted;
 She did his Love and Kindness slight,
 which made him almost distracted.

She left him in her Father's Park,
 where nothing but Deer could hear him;
 While he lay roul'ing in the dark,
 there's never a Soul came near him;

Untill the Morning break of Day,
 and being warm Summer-Weather,
 A Shepherd chanc'd to come that way,
 who pull'd on his Boots of Leather.

Then mounting on his Milk-white Steed,
 he shaking his Ears was ready,
 And whip and spur he rid with speed,
 to find out this crafty Lady.

If once this Lady I come nigh,
 she shall be releas'd by no Man;
 Why should so brave a Knight as I,
 be fool'd by a silly Woman?

Three times she has affronted me;
 in Crimes which I cannot pardon;
 But if I a'nt reveng'd, said he,
 let me not be worth a Farthing.

I value not her Beauty fair,
 tho' once I did dote upon her;
 This trusty Sword shall now repair
 my baff'd blasted Honour.

Unto her Father's House he came,
 which on every Side was moated;
 The fair sweet youthful charming Dame
 his angry Brows she noted.

Thought she; I'll have the other bout,
 and tumble him in the River;
 And let the Devil help him out,
 or there he shall soak for ever.

He will not let me live at rest,
 altho' I have often foil'd him;
 Therefore once more I do protest,
 with Flattering I'll beguile him!

The Bridge was drawn, the Gates lock'd fast;
 so that he could no ways enter;
 She smil'd to him, and cry'd at last,
 Sir Knight, if you please to venture,

A Plank lies over the Moat hard by,
 full seventeen Foot in Measure,
 There's no body now at home but I,
 therefore we'll take our Pleasure.

This Word she had no sooner spoke,
 but straight he was tripping over;
 The Plank was saw'd, and snapping broke;
 he prov'd an unhappy Lover.

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